

one were coming, and very gently I pushed aside the panel door, closed it behind me, and descended in the dark—not a minute too soon, as it proved, because, firstly, when I looked back there was a light in the room above; and secondly, the rest of the party had gone to the station, expecting to find me there, and I arrived just in time to prevent us from missing the train.

“And, oh, dear Aunt Olivia, your Mr. Davidson has made some wonderful discovery. Die alte Grossmutter couldn’t resist telling me, although she wouldn’t tell me what it was; she said he was intending to bring it, or them, to you as a present, and he might be wishing to make it a surprise, and it wasn’t for her to go and spoil it all. Now what do you suppose it can be? I am consumed with curiosity, and could shed tears of envy. He doesn’t know a word about the secret stairway. Die alte Grossmutter hadn’t

thought to mention it. Imagine that! So exactly like people who possess unusual things not to appreciate them. When you build your house do put in a secret stairway, they are so convenient. The castle garden to-day was a perfect wilderness of roses; we brought as many as we could back to Zurich, and one I left on the window ledge of our old room—an unsigned offering from a past to a present occupant. It was a red rose too, and therefore of particularly good omen at the Halden. I wonder if your Mr. Davidson has found it yet, and is asking himself how it came?

“And now, my dearest Aunt Olivia, I kiss you good-night, and end my letter with the sweet salutation which we have been hearing all day from peasant folk—‘Grüss’ Gott!’

Lovingly, your namesake niece,

OLIVIA.

“Midnight, June the first.”

## THE FALLOW FIELD.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

NAKED and fruitless lies the fallow field.  
 No mower there lays cradle to ripe grain,  
 Boasts the tilled soil, or counts it to his gain;  
 Unprized and poor, its furrows, blank as grief,  
 Nor keep the flock with tender blade and leaf,  
 Nor tempt the laboring bee. . . .  
 Passive to Heaven it lies, and the broad sun  
 Streams fearless down on his dominion.  
 God is its husbandman: mist-wreaths and dews,  
 Slant rain and the toothed frost, their cunning use,  
 And work new spells with oldest alchemy  
 In the spent borders of the fallow field.

Canst learn no lesson from the fallow field?  
 Not to Toil only, not to those who strive,  
 The bright celestial visitants arrive!  
 Let the tired heart lie fallow, and the brain,  
 Eased of its tasks, wait like a child again;  
 Hush the quick-beating breast.  
 Nature, the old nurse-mother, knows a spell  
 That pleasures those who trust her passing well.  
 Who for a season only courts the sky  
 Will reap the fuller harvest by-and-by.  
 Give ear to silence; taste the sweets of rest,—  
 And prove the virtues of the fallow field!

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1863.

### A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF CYRUS W. FIELD.

THOSE who looked upon Cyrus W. Field as a man absorbed in one idea may be surprised to learn that during the years of the civil war he worked untiringly for the good of his country. When in England his great desire was that the true reason for the struggle should be fully understood, and when in this country that Americans should know that they had warm friends across the water.

His trunks, both in crossing and in recrossing the Atlantic, were filled with books and papers relating to the war, and we are not surprised to learn that immediately on landing in New York, early in January, 1863, he remembered his friends in London.

The first letter of thanks is dated—

“11 CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S. W.,  
Feb. 20, '63.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I return my best thanks for your courtesy and kindness in sending me a present of books relating to the American war, which has arrived safely.

“I have read with very great interest the correspondence between Mr. Loring and Mr. Field. It is conducted in a tone altogether honorable to the two gentlemen and to their respective countries.

“I hope I do not offend expressing the humble desire that it may please the Almighty soon to bring your terrific struggle to an end; for all who know me know that if I entertain such a wish it is with a view to the welfare of all persons of the United States, in which I have ever taken the most cordial interest.

“I will not ask you to trouble Mr. Seward with my thanks for his kindness in sending me the correspondence of the State Department.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

“CYRUS W. FIELD, Esq.”

The letter which follows was written by Mr. Bright a week later:

“LONDON, February 27th, 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for forwarding to me Mr. Putnam's four handsome volumes of the *Record of the*

*Rebellion*. I value the work highly, and have wished to have it. I shall write to Mr. Putnam to thank him for his most friendly and acceptable present.

“We are impatient for news from your country. There is great effort without great result, and we fear the divisions in the North will weaken the government and stimulate the South. Sometimes, of late, I have seemed to fear anarchy in the North as much as rebellion in the South. I hope my fears arise more from my deep interest in your conflict than from any real danger from the discordant elements among you. If there is not virtue enough among you to save the state, then has the slavery poison done its fearful work. But I will not despair. Opinion here has changed greatly. In almost every town great meetings are being held to pass resolutions in favor of the North—and the advocates of the South are pretty much put down. This is a short and hasty note. . . .

Believe me always,

Very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

“CYRUS W. FIELD, Esq., New York.”

Mr. Field sailed for England in the steamship *China* on the morning of June 3d; early in July his firm in New York wrote to him: “Business has been almost entirely suspended for the last week on account of the great excitement arising from the rebel invasion of Pennsylvania. . . . Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Philadelphia are threatened by Lee.” This also was the news brought by the steamer *Bohemian*, and published in London on July 16th. Those who sympathized with the South were exultant over it, and were quite sure that the steamer *Canada*, due on the 18th, would bring news of the utter defeat of the Northern army under General Meade. The steamer did not arrive on the day she was expected, and on the intervening Sunday Mr. Field afterwards said that he was far too excited to think of going to church. Instead he hailed a cab and drove to the house of Mr. Adams (then American minister in London). Mr. Adams was at church. Next he stopped at the rooms of a friend,